

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Rocking the Boys to Sleep.

I sit me down in the twilight cool
Of a busy summer's day,
And close my eyes and live again
The time so far away,
When Eddie and James and John were here;
And the tears of my eyes will creep,
For I seem to sit in the old brown chair
A-rocking the boys to sleep.

I bring John back from a home of wealth,
Where fame and honor dwell,
And sing and rock him to sleep once more;
More happy than to goe can tell,
I brave the storms on a shoreless sea
Where tempest and surges sweep,
And James is here and I rock again
"My wandering boy" to sleep.

I build a stair to the heavens tall,
And reach in its sweet domain
For little Eddie and bring him back
To my lonely home again;
My throbbing heart is heavy now
With a yearning strong and deep,
As I smooth the curls of my only babe
And rock him once more to sleep.

They say the old chair is useless now,
"Is creaking, and dull with age,
And must be forever put aside,
Like a well-worn-out page.
But the old brown chair sings a song to me,
As it whispers of other years,
And it tells of the roughened places smooth-
ed.

And murmurs of childish tears.
Yes, the old chair tells in an undertone,
In a voice so creaking and old,
Of the comfort it gave through summer heat,
As well as in winter's cold;
How those little dependent lives were soothed
Through their childish sorrows deep,
As it did to ease each pain,
While rocking the boys to sleep.
—Gertrude H. Hoag, in Telescope.

HOW THE TRAIN WAS SAVED.

Between the men of Pinerift lumber camp and those of Camp Seven, farther up the river, there was at all times a strong rivalry. "Velvet Joe," the biggest and possibly the roughest Pinerift man, averred it existed "on general principles."

Did Camp Seven perform some particularly hazardous feat in jam-breaking, Pinerift took no peace until it had quailed and, if possible by any known means, excelled the Camp Seven achievement. Had Pinerift the champion team for hauling, Camp Seven bestirred itself diligently until it had matched the champion. The feeling extended even to the cooks and choreboys.

Honors had for a long time been about evenly divided between the two camps, but at last Camp Seven had won a victory, to its great and ostentatious delight. Tom Patengill, the son of Camp Seven's foreman, a strapping young fellow of eighteen, had on two distinct occasions performed feats of jam-breaking which older men of either camp had found it impossible to excel. Certainly none of the Pinerift young fellows had equalled the exploits of young Patengill, and Camp Seven claimed the championship with noisy acclaim. Heretofore, the Pinerift men had fully held their own, and this, their first unmistakable defeat, rankled.

"If old Turner only had a son, now, 'stead of that gallopy of his that's afraid of the water!" growled Velvet Joe to his mates in great disgust. "But shucks!"

"That's so, Joe, all right enough," assented Pete Adams, a grizzled driver. "Dicky Turner would be afraid of wetting his feet, let alone riding a lot of rollin' logs."

Turner, the foreman, himself felt the loss of prestige that the camp had received and several times Dick Turner caught his father's eyes fixed upon him half-reproachfully. Dick was a quiet young fellow, with square shoulders and a broad, deep chest that showed plenty of power to endure.

On the whole, he had perhaps more than ordinary courage, but he had an uncontrollable aversion to the swift, swirling waters of the river. The feeling had been born with him, and try as he might, he could not overcome it.

"Well now, if the critter ain't skeered of the water!" Velvet Joe had said, in a tone of mingled pity and disgust when the truth was first borne in upon him. And he expressed the sentiment of the camp. Young Turner, the only young fellow in their camp with sufficient strength and quickness to attempt to pick up Tom Patengill's gauntlet, was "skeered of the water."

Unable to understand in the least this "queerness," as the men termed it, they had come to feel contempt for the quiet young fellow. Half hidden hitherto, out of respect to the sturdy foreman, the feeling now began to show outright. Dick Turner understood, and it cut him

to the quick, but he gave no sign. There were things which he could do, if he could not drive logs on the river, and one thing he could do especially well. He had a wonderful gift for handling and training horses. This talent he had doubtless inherited from his father.

About one year before the foreman had bought a fine horse, which of size, strength and beauty was famous far and near. The splendid animal also had the well-earned reputation of being in disposition the ugliest brute that ever pawed the turf.

He was said to have killed one trainer, and to have been under sentence of death therefor when Turner bought him. But then dauntless lumberman believed he could train the horse into submission.

But after several futile attempts and two or three narrow escapes from death, he had acknowledged himself defeated, and had condemned the animal to be shot.

It seemed a pity. At least so Dick Turner thought. Never had so gallant an animal been seen in that part of the country. And the boy's heart, like that of a certain illustrious horse tamer of old, swelled with the desire to conquer and subdue the handsome, terrible creature.

Reluctantly, and only after the young fellow had demonstrated something of his skill and power, did his father consent and give the horse into his care.

No one knew Dick's methods, no one understood, not even the father, his mystic power, for most of the boy's work was done alone, but certain it is that a few weeks later the lumbermen were astonished to see that "Ugly Mack" acknowledged a master—just one in all the world.

For a few days the incident was discussed more or less in the camp, and then practically dismissed. Such a feat was out of the rivermen's line of work. "Nothing but breakin' a horse, anyway," Velvet Joe said, and most of the men considered it an achievement not even worth mentioning in comparison with the deeds of Tom Patengill, the young Jam breaker.

The winter of 1884-5 was one long to be remembered by the men of the two lumber camps. In the latter part of the winter one of the great blizzards peculiar to the Northeast had swept suddenly down over the whole region a tremendous burden of snow. This had been quickly followed by thawing weather and heavy, persistent rains.

Unparalleled floods followed. Toward the third day the river had risen to a point never reached before within the memory of any of the men, and was still rising. Traditions of the region, perhaps hardly half-believed hitherto, were more than verified. Work was impossible, and one after another all the men of Camp Seven strolled down uneasily to Pinerift camp to see if the two great bridges that spanned the river a short distance below the railroad bridge, had been well built, and as yet stood firm. But the water was now perilously high.

Soon all the men were down by the river bank to watch the flood—all except Dick Turner. That queer horror of the water had caught like an iron band at his chest and throat, and from the door of the main shanty of the camp he silently watched the bridges.

Suddenly a great shout went up from the men. "A monster pine, undermined and uprooted at last from the place that had nourished it for nearly a century, was rushing swiftly down toward the bridges. It missed the abutment, but a portion of the great clump of roots felled up by the heaving water caught the wood-work.

There was a single sharp crack, and the tree shot on leaving a gap in the bridge fully twenty feet wide. And then the rushing giant of destruction struck one of the abutments of the railroad bridge below. The shock was too much for the overtaxed structure, which had stood so well. Even as the pier gave way the central span came down, to be swept off like broken egg-shells on the flood.

The men stood in silent amazement at the sight. Only a few seconds had been required to com-

plete the double wreck. Suddenly some one shouted.

"The train! Number 17 is due in five minutes!" It was true, and on the farther side was no living soul to give warning.

The excited men rushed out upon the broken wagon-bridge, only to start back from the yawning rent, below which the muddy waters roared. There they stood, helplessly watching the sharp curve in the railroad-track, round which in so short a time the train would come sweeping to destruction.

A shout arose behind them, and there came like the wind a horse, black as night, bearing on his back a rider with white face but steady unflinching eyes. All knew Dick Turner and the terrible horse.

The men shrank back; and then, with a mighty thunder of hoofs, the ugly, half-wild creature dashed upon the bridge. Angry at sight of the men, with ears laid back and with wicked-looking eyes, he yet obeyed the voice and hand of his dauntless rider, who now gave a quick, peculiar call and leaned forward in his seat.

There was a breathless rush as the fiery creature made instant response. Straight at the fearful gap they dashed. There was a quick uplifting on the bit, another sharp call, and then the astounded lumbermen saw the great black bulk rise in the air and shoot out over the flood. And the horse had landed fairly upon the broken planks on the farther side!

A shout went up, a shout that horror checked, for the treacherous planks gave way, and down upon breast and knees came the gallant horse, down and slipping backward toward the swift water.

But the horse had a determined spirit. Again came the sharp command, and as if on springs of steel the horse once more struggled forward, only to go down again upon the treacherous planking. A broken jagged joist had caught him in the neck, and the men could see the deep, three-cornered cut, from which a small red stream was trickling.

Still unsubdued, the steed plunged again, and this time reached the firm unbroken floor. Then with a bound he left the bridge, and splashing girth deep across the overflowed strip below the road, he scrambled up the incline to the track, and a moment later disappeared, still at a gallop, around the curve.

Benson, the engineer, was scanning the track closely as the train swung down the grade toward the curve that hid Sinking River bridge, when he was startled to see through the gathering mist a horseman galloping up the track straight toward the train, and gesticulating wildly. In an instant the whistle bellowed out its hoarse call for brakes.

And then the watching lumbermen saw Number 17 swing round the curve with engine reversed and brakes set still, sliding forward on the wet and slippery rails, but stopping at least twenty-five feet from the ruined bridge.

The fireman, and presently a number of men jumped down from the train and ran forward. They looked at the twisted, broken rails that reached out over the tumult of waters below and the broken wagon-bridge, with its crowd of watching lumbermen.

The fireman remembering the warning horseman turned and explained, and a group of men instantly started back up the track.

Directly they founded him whom they sought, a young fellow standing by the road-bed in his shirt-sleeves, unmindful of the rain into which the heavy mist thickened. He was bandaging with narrow strips that he had cut from his coat all but fatal wound in the neck of the big black horse whose proud head drooped by his shoulder.

It was a number of days later, and the men of Pinerift camp were at dinner, when Dick Turner once more went up the path that led past the main shanty. He walked slowly and with a limp, for his leg had been badly bruised during the scramble on the bridge. Over his arm was the bridle of the black horse, which also walked with an unsteady, shuffling gait—a gait that

would, however, soon regain its former ease and vigor.

The young fellow cast a half-apprehensive look at the camp as he went by, and wondered if he were to undergo more of the old treatment. He turned off at the little path that led to the rude shed in which Ugly Mack was used to being isolated, but stopped presently in quick surprise. A clean, new stable stood in the place of the shed, and above the door were the words, "Ugly Mack."

With a quick thrill of appreciation young Turner led the horse into the handsome stall and fed him sparingly from a generous supply of corn thrown up in one corner of the building.

Coming out presently, he was surprised to find all the Pinerift men awaiting him. He tried to thank them, but Velvet Joe cut him short.

"We're glad if you like the hut, young fellow," he said, "and if it'll do you any good to know it, I'll tell you now that there ain't a man on this job but what'll give his last dime—yes, and the coat off his back if necessary—to buy corn for that ugly critter in yonder. And as for you, young chap, the voice of the big fellow softened, "why—well, this crowd is goin' to give a kind of a salute and a cheer for the bravest chap that ever struck Sinking River."

And by the way of "salute" the big lumbermen caught the young fellow up, and on brawny arms and shoulders carried him in triumph back to camp. Big Joe swung his hat and the men sent out a cheer that echoed far up and down the river.

Camp Seven caught it, and at once divined its meaning. The rough, bearded crew—rivalry for the time being lost in the finer feeling of admiration for a brave deed well performed—sent back an answering cheer.—The Advance.

Uncle Sam's Greatest Secret.

If there is any secret which Uncle Sam jealously guards, it is the process of manufacturing the fire paper upon which his money notes are printed. He pays a Massachusetts firm forty-three cents a pound for it, and this firm does its work under the surveillance of a government agent. The paper is manufactured of the finest rags, cleaned, boiled, and mashed into pulp. As it is rolled into thin sheets, silk threads are introduced into it by a secret process. These are the distinguishing marks, making imitation of the paper well-nigh impossible. The sheets of paper, already counted twice and placed in uniform packages at the paper mill, are stored in a Treasury vault and issued to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing as wanted. Before leaving the Treasury, they are counted three times more, and the receiving official at the Bureau must receipt for them. Then the bundles are unwrapped and the sheets are counted twenty-eight times by a corps of women. This is to insure that each printer gets the recorded number—no more, no less. If one sheet of this precious paper be lost the entire force of men and women having access to the room where the misplacement has occurred are kept in, like so many school children, to find it. Each sheet is issued from the vault for the printing of definite amount of money upon it. If the lost sheet were intended to ultimately represent four thousand dollars worth of notes, the group of employees to whom the responsibility of its misplacement has been traced must make good that amount, if they cannot locate it within a reasonable time. The most expensive loss which has thus occurred was of a blanket sheet issued for the printing of eighty dollars upon its face.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Services for Western New York. St. Paul's, Buffalo—Every Sunday at 11 A.M. The Holy Communion will be celebrated on the second Sunday of the month. St. Luke's, Rochester—On the first Sunday of the month, Holy Communion at 10:45 A.M. On all other Sundays, Evening Prayer, 7:30 P.M. Services at other points will be arranged by special appointment. C. ORVIS DANTZER, Missionary, 231 Grand Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

INDIA AND CEYLON.

Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson, of Columbia University, who has traveled extensively in Europe, thus speaks of his visit to India and the Island of Ceylon:—

"In the beautiful harbor of Bombay the sunrises are glorious beyond description, and one never tires to get up early to view them. And the views! They are at once kaleidoscopic and panoramic.

Some of the most magnificent buildings in the world, even from the modern point of architectural beauty, are now in ancient Bombay itself. The streets swarm with people in queer, native costumes, but, while queer, they are picturesque. The flashing white teeth of the East Indian are a flashing revelation of their kind, even more so than those of the Negro to which we are here accustomed.

Frequently in evidence is that essential functionary, the water-carrier, with his scrawny little beast, laden with huge skin bottles containing the precious fluid. The animals that are thus made to do service are so small and thin that even the diminutive ones found in Italy are large in comparison. Familiar figures, too, are those of women grinding corn or grain with their primitive mills, at which they patiently squat while at work.

In India, water is all important, both for bathing and for drinking; in fact, although the country is fire-hot, the rain-gauge is more frequently consulted than is the thermometer. Great regard for fire is manifested by that always strange class of people—the Parsees. Their regard really amounts to devotion, even to worship. Pin-wheel arrangements are encountered in the public streets, near their temples, perhaps, to which are fastened colored lamps, and which are invariably kept lighted at night. Upon the introduction of gas, it was permitted to burn continually—a custom exceedingly good for the company but bad for those who had the bills to pay.

Cremation of the dead is common, almost general, and in this, perhaps, may be found a solution of the sanitary question. Many blazing funeral pyres were encountered on which the bodies of those who had died from famine or disease were slowly but not the less surely being reduced to ashes. These were grim, ghastly and grewsome scenes.

It is not easy for an Occidental to sit as does the Oriental, for he always squats, cross-legged, and can so remain for an indefinite length of time. He can do this without discomfort, but with the foreigner it is different. After squatting for a short time he finds it difficult to get up and much more difficult to stand when he does arise. Squatting, however, has its advantages to the East Indian. In the street cars, for instance, there is no great demand for seats or for straps on which to hang. The people simply squat on the floor of the conveyance and they are comfortable and contented.

Scenes of inexpressible sadness were many in the famine-stricken districts. Thousands of devout human beings, unable to obtain hallowed food, steadfastly refused to eat that which was unallowed, and therefore impure, and thus literally starved themselves to death—types of heroic martyrs to religious faith or shall it be called fanaticism? The caste system is remarkably developed. High and low mingle, but they do not touch, for in touching there is contamination. Caste everywhere is observed by everybody, even at the bathing pools. At one of these places, where people of different castes had gathered to perform their ablutions was seen a widow in a frenzy of rage. She was aroused to fury because somebody, of some caste or other, was bathing in a section of the pool which she had rented, but who had neglected to pay her—something less than a penny—for the privilege. But she was presumably getting her money's worth by roundly abusing the delinquent bather in the most approved, or disapproved, Billingsgate imaginable.

Of interest and awe was a deserted city, with its ruined palaces, temples and abodes, all once teem-

ing with life and bustling with activity, but now pulseless, voiceless, silent. What a sepulchre of human hearts and hopes! This was found away up on the far northern border, where India merges into mysterious and alluring Afghanistan. After crossing one of the rough, stony plains a conveyance was summoned; it came, but in the form of a huge elephant, with a seat on its back and a boy as a driver.

Mounting with some difficulty, when the elephant had knelt, the boy urged the beast up and onward, and thus the Professor was carried from point to point. And it was not like riding in a Pullman car, either in comfort or in speed. All day not a white face was seen, and it was, therefore, that at night a great sense of relief was experienced, when, in the remote distance, the faint notes of an American gramophone, playing "Way Down Upon de Swanee River," were heard.

And the Yogis! That incomprehensible sect of religious fanatics, who, in practicing self-abnegation, inflict all kinds of the most excruciating slow torture upon themselves. Some sat upon seats supplied with sharp-pointed nails, while others reclined in composure upon beds of spikes equally as sharp. Another was holding an arm stretched to its full length above his head, and there he had held it until it had withered and died.

In Benares were seen its famed Golden Temple and its 1,000 other temples, and its sacred bulls, which wander at will and which the worshipful people feed with flowers. There, too, was the temple sacred alone to the sacred monkeys. Adjacent to this spot was a bathing pool in which a bather was disposing himself. He had removed his loin-cloth and left it in a convenient place, but it was seized by a monkey and carried up into a tree. There the curious, chattering, grinning creature found a wallet in the pocket of the garment and, taking the rupees it contained, threw them, one after the other, into the water. The distress of mind of the luckless bather can be imagined but not described. He was forced to view his loss calmly, for he dared not interfere with the innocent pleasure of the animal, which all hold in such holy awe.

In Colombo, Ceylon, there were feasts for the eyes in its groves and gardens, but the women dress so nearly like the men that it is hard to distinguish them. About the only discernible difference is the fact that the men wear beards and the women do not. Then there were examples of ancient heavy stone architecture and a tree which has been standing since before the beginning of the Christian era. This is the oldest authenticated tree in the world.

The Temple of the Holy Tooth at Kandy was a sight not to be forgotten, as was sky piercing Adam's Peak, where, according to legend, Buddha appeared and impressed his footprints upon its very apex. There they are, to-day, one yard wide and two yards long, and plainly visible; and to this spot long lines of pilgrims continually are making their way, though many of them drop and die before reaching the sacred summit.

A Polite Pickpocket.

In the gentle art of separating a man from his wealth the French are not so far behind the times as might be supposed. An Englishman, with all the egotism and assurance of his race, was displaying his money and his other "milor" attributes on the Boulevard des Italiens the other day, when a polite Frenchman approached him and said in good English:

"Would monsieur be so kind as so far to gratify the desire of a lady artist in an opposite window as to stand still for five seconds until she succeeds in taking a photograph of milor's face, which, she declares, exhibits beau coup character?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Just a little turn of milor's head, if you please. There, that will do. A thousand thanks."

And the Frenchman re-departed with milor's watch. Vanity had stuck out all over the Briton and the Frenchman had been quick to take advantage of his weakness

IN FEBRUARY SKIES.

EIGHT STARS OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE NOW VISIBLE IN THIS LATITUDE—CONDITIONS OF PLANETS.

The magnificent procession of winter constellations is silently marching by; its glory cannot easily be missed, but it is increased by detailed study, writes Frederick Campbell in the *Brooklyn Eagle*. The observer should not only notice the general brightness of the heavens, but the outlines of the particular constellations each of which contributes to that brightness.

At about 8 P.M. Auriga is directly overhead, its first magnitude star Capella marking its location; for brilliancy Capella is fourth among all the stars, equalling where it stands, 220 of our suns, and, despite their journey of 32 years, its bright rays giving this star first place in all the northern hemisphere of the sky.

In the east Leo has now come in to full view by reason of the earth's steady progress in that direction; and here the bright star Regulus attracts our attention, another of the first magnitude, but ranking 19th in all the heavens, and, where it stands, with just half the light-giving power of Capella, making it shine with 110 times the light given by our sun.

In the south the twin stars, Castor and Pollux, mark Gemini, Pollux being the brighter of the two, and ranking 17th in the heavens, its intrinsic brightness being 170 times that of the sun. South of Gemini is Canis Minor, in which Procyon, another first-magnitude star, shows up the ninth in rank in the whole multitude, sending up in 12 years a light which is 25 times as great as that of the sun. South of Canis Minor is Monoceros, and south of that Canis Major, with glorious Sirius, brightest of all the firmament to our eyes, outshining the sun 40 times, but requiring only 8½ years to reach us with its beams. West of Gemini again is Taurus, with its Pleiades and Hyades, the latter located by red Aldebaran, ranking 14th, giving us the light of 32 years ago, and that light 70 times the light of the sun. Great Orion is south and a little east of Taurus.

A remarkable number of the brightest stars are even yet on exhibition. No less than eight of the 20 first-magnitude stars are before us nightly, all visible at once; there are only seven others that are ever visible in our middle northern latitudes.

February of this year will be notable for a number of occurrences in our own solar system. In the first place, on the 14th the planet Saturn bows itself out of the evening sky and into the morning sky, by changing from east to west of the sun. Jupiter, too, that very bright planet which has long adorned our southern and southwestern sky, is now drawing nearer and nearer to the sun, until he, too, will disappear in his bright rays and it will soon be announced that, like Saturn, he has gone over to the morning sky.

Venus continues to be seen in the morning sky before dawn, and on the further side of her orbit is moving back toward the sun. As Saturn and Jupiter are moving in the opposite directions, it follows that these three planets are going to get together, or at least that there will be a meeting between Venus and each of them. All such things are worked out by astronomers, and it may therefore be announced that in the case of Saturn the conjunction will take place March 7, and in the case of Jupiter, April 22, in both of which cases the planets will come within a moon's breadth of each other and thus present a beautiful spectacle.

But before these events occur a similar one is to be witnessed in the conjunction of Mars and Jupiter, scheduled to take place the 25th of this month. The two planets will by that time have lost something of their lustre by reason of their proximity to the sun. But on the 18th they may be easily identified by reason of the fact that on that date the moon is in conjunction with both of them, passing only one degree north of Mars and a little more north of Jupiter.

We are now having the first leap year since 1896 and February gets an extra day, the 29th.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1904.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 102d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the poorest
Nenth the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE New York Institution has suffered loss by the death of Edward Mitchell Townsend, who for thirty years was connected with the Institution. He died of pneumonia, on Tuesday night, February 2d, at the age of seventy-five years. Early next morning, when the news of his death reached the Institution, the color guard was ordered to half-mast the flag which daily floats from the tall flagstaff at the entrance to the grounds of the Institution. This was the first intimation to the pupils, and many of the teachers and officers, that a friend and benefactor had passed to his eternal reward.

Edward Mitchell Townsend became a Life Member of the New Institution in 1874. Eight years afterwards, in May, 1882, he was elected a Director, and on the death of George A. Robbins, succeeded him as Treasurer of the Institution, and up to the time of his death continued to exercise the onerous duties of that important office. Besides the treasurership, Mr. Townsend also served on two other committees of the Directors, being a member of the Instruction Committee and chairman of the Real Estate Committee.

Mr. Townsend was a man of high repute in the business world, being head of the firm of E. M. Townsend & Co., a business established by his father, who was one of the solid merchants of New York in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. He was also Vice-President of the Institution for the Savings of Merchants' Clerks, a Director of the Demilt Dispensary, a Trustee of the House of Refuge, and a member of the Union, Century, and Merchants' Clubs.

His home was at Oyster Bay, N. Y., where he was a neighbor and friend of President Roosevelt, from whom the family received a note of sympathy and condolence.

Mr. Townsend was well known to many generations of the deaf at Fanwood. He was a frequent visitor, and on all occasions showed a keen interest in the welfare of the deaf. A lover of the beautiful in nature, the range of greenhouses appealed strongly to him, and he encouraged the education of the class in floriculture. For the school-room and the trades instruction, his interest was of a thoughtful, practical nature, and what he did in the way of suggestion or executive action in his official capacity, was always the outcome of careful study and deliberate conclusion. The editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, who has known Mr. Townsend, and observed the trend of his work in connection with the deaf during more than a quarter of a century, feels that the New York Institution has indeed lost a friend, whose work and influence has been of so much value in the years gone by.

New York Church Loses a Legacy.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 3.—Judge Douglas handed down an opinion to-day in the case of Louis A. Gidding and others, trustees under the will of Sarah Emeline Acy, against St. Matthew's Church of New York City. The will practically made the church residuary

legatee. The court holds that the legacy lapsed when the corporation known as St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes ceased to exist, and that the fund in question on Mrs. Acy's death descended to her heirs as intestate estate.

QUAKERISMS.

I long to see my good friend, Geo. W. Veditz, of the Colorado School. Who does not like such a jolly good fellow? And who would not enjoy reading a letter from him written in such a beautiful hand? Several years ago I used to receive letters from him pretty frequently, and I could always tell from the address on the envelope that it was from Mr. Veditz. I think his handwriting had much to do in winning him his wife—at least, I would be so influenced were I a girl. Now for Mr. Veditz.

Recently I read in the school papers that he was elected treasurer of the Chess Club, of Colorado Springs. This proves that he has both time and money to spare, for only gentlemen of leisure can afford to spend time at a chess club, much less act as its treasurer, and give a heavy bond. But friend Veditz is a shareholder in the Cripple Creek gold mine, and what is more, he lately won a \$100.00 cash prize for a story, which was published in one of the papers of his city. To still further show how rapidly he is becoming our deaf-mute Rockefeller, it may be stated that he is very successful at raising poultry. Doesn't this make you envious?

You naturally would like to know how Mr. Veditz manages to make a success of everything he handles, so to speak. Here it is in his own words:

"I will tell you how it is," replied Mr. Veditz, "but it is a trade secret, and you must not give it away."

"Of course, I would not," was the answer, as the inquirer eagerly waited for the tale to be unfolded.

"Well, then," said Mr. Veditz,

"I succeed because I wear out the soles of my shoes more than the seat of my trousers."

I well remember Mrs. Veditz; I met her a few days after she was married in a certain city. She is, unless time has changed her, a beautiful lady of slender build, and a ready talker, always a welcome visitor, and is a good teacher of a deaf-blind pupil at the Colorado School. The inference is that the couple who were so happily wedded live like two cooing doves—and long may they continue to do so.

I would respectfully dedicate to them the following lines:

"May Dame Fortune ever smile on you,
And may you never meet her daughter,
Misfortune."

QUAKER BROWN.

Allentown, Pa.

The Allentown Local Branch has its meeting monthly, regularly, and is increasing in membership. Two new members, by the names of Misses Annie Hall and Ida Kemmerer, have lately joined, and a few others will join at the next meeting which is to be held at the home of Mr. Wm. Fernkeps.

At the last meeting, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Haney, South Bethlehem, an oyster supper was arranged by them and was quite a success. It netted about \$7.50 toward the Home. Good at that, although there were only a few deaf-mutes present on account of the terrible snow storm which occurred that very day, or the attendance would be much larger.

Last Saturday a week, Mr. Chas. Bradbury, our present Chairman, was in Philadelphia on business, and returned home the same day.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Keck are mourning the death of their twin babies. One died several weeks ago, and the last two weeks ago. The cause, we were told, was breast fever. We join the family in mourning the early departure of their infant children.

As we have got the honor for the meeting place of the Society this coming summer here, we are trying to make it a great success, and predict a large attendance.

Feb. 4, 1904. O. K.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at four o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Leap Year Party, Friday evening, February 12th. Every one is cordially invited to the sociable.

It is not what a man earns, not the amount of his income, but the relation of his expenditures to his receipts that determines his poverty or wealth.—Anon.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Kappa Gamma Banquet.

THE CO-EDS IN DRAMA.

Chronicle of Events.

From our Regular Correspondent.

By far the most important event of the week, was the fourth, annual banquet of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity, held Friday evening, in the historic Hotel Barion. It was a very pleasant affair, and by half past nine, the members had assembled in the reception room. All the active members were present with the exception of Brother Ernest Mather, '04, who was confined to his room; and including Brothers Erickson, '03, and Stewart, '99, twenty-nine sat down to the following repast:—

MENU.

Consomme Vermicelli
Olives
Boiled Sheephead
Egg Sauce
Salmi of Duck with Olives.
Boiled and Mashed Potatoes
Roast Lamb
Currant Jelly
Salade Julienne
Vanilla Ice Cream
Assorted Cakes
Neuchatel Cheese
Salties
Coffee
Punch

After all had eaten to their heart's content, the following toasts were in order.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.....
RESPONSE.....
THE FRATERNITY.....
THE COLLEGE.....
THE OLD BOYS.....
NEWS FROM THE OLD BOYS.....
THE CO-EDS.....
COLLEGE LIFE.....

By the way, the day was the sixty-seventh anniversary of Dr. Gallaudet's birthday, and a toast was proposed to him, wishing him many more years of useful life.

Brother Stewart read letters of greeting from Brothers Painter, '02, Wyand, '02, Andree, '02, Steidemann, '02 and Runde, '01, which goes to show that the old boys still have an interest in the welfare and doings of the Fraternity.

The following program was carried out by the "Lit" Friday evening. The meeting was called at seven o'clock, so as to allow the Frat. members to get away in time for their banquet.

ESSAY.—One of Our Presidents, Mr. Neesam, '04.

DEBATE.—Resolved, that according to modern ideas Russia's attitude in regard to the acquisition of territory as illustrated by her action in Manchuria is justified.

Affirmative. Messrs. Forse, '06, and Williams, L. C. Negative. Messrs. Rowe, '06, and Underhill, I. C. The Judges, Messrs. Winemiller, '04, Drake, '04, and Stevens, '05, decided in favor of the negative.

DIALOGUE.—Sir Peter and Lady Teazle Agree to Disagree. Messrs. Phelps, '05, and Leitch, '07.

DECLAMATION.—King Robert of Sicily. Mr. Schulte, '04.

The essay was on Andrew Jackson, and was very well delivered. The question for debate was a very good one affording much to argue upon, but unfortunately both the leaders failed to fill their allotted time for speaking.

There was fine coasting down Patterson Hill most all week, and on Tuesday evening a moonlight coasting party was gotten up by several of the lady teachers of the Kendall School and the Normals. After enjoying two hours of coasting, they came back and were served with hot cocoa. The thaw began Saturday morning, and by Sunday there was not a bit of snow left on the ground.

The Freshmen co-eds sprang quite a surprise on the rest of the students when they announced Friday afternoon that they would give a play the next evening. It was a sort of college play and was called "The Trouble at Saterlee's."

CAST.

Miss Saterlee, Proprietor of a Select School for Girls.....Miss Drumm
Dorothy.....Miss Bigley
Alice.....Miss Dickson
Marion.....Miss Tade
Bertha.....Miss Marks
Kathleen, an Irish Servant.....Miss Thornton

Dorothy feels inspired to write an original play and calls upon her chum, Alice, to help her to decide upon some parts of the plot. While they are talking, Kathleen, a green Irish servant, comes in on some household duty. The girls forget about her and go on with their discussion. Kathleen keeps her eyes open and takes in the whole thing, but unfortunately she misunderstands the whole affair and thinks that the girls, and especially Dorothy, are going to commit an awful crime—first, that Dorothy intends to run away with the coachman, who by the way was Kathleen's "steady," and, secondly, that the girls intend to murder Miss Saterlee. Filled with horror, she goes and tells Miss Saterlee all about it

with the result that this irate lady gets on to the girls with vengeance. During a rehearsal of Dorothy's play, Miss Saterlee is an unexpected member.

The play ended with Kathleen's announcement of her marriage on the morrow to the coachman, in order that no more misunderstanding might occur in the future. As a whole, the play was well rendered.

The co-eds basket ball team met defeat at the hands of the Central High School girls. The final score was 42 to 3, but our girls labored under quite a disadvantage. The Central's team played with a team composed of seven players, while the co-eds are accustomed to playing with only five. Another consideration was the lowness of the ceiling. A return game may be arranged for in the near future.

The light of the big Baltimore fire of Sunday was reflected on the evening sky and the students were much excited. Two engines were called from Washington, and several of the Maryland boys were for making a hasty trip in that direction.

Quite a number of students have been ailing the past week, and Mr. Seely, I. C., was removed to the City Hospital. The Seniors have finished International Law, and have now taken up Butler's Analogy under Dr. Gallaudet. H. D. DRAKE, '04.

Feb. 8, 1904.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The worst conflagration in the history of Baltimore is now burning. A fire which broke out shortly before eleven o'clock yesterday (Sunday) morning in the large store of John E. Hurst & Co., at the corner of Hopkins Place and German Street, was spread with terrible rapidity by a series of explosions and fought its way south, east and north. In half an hour there were a dozen big warehouses in the wholesale dry goods and notion district burning fiercely. A request for aid was sent to the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Washington fire departments. Up to this writing (Monday noon), the entire business section is in flames and the firemen seem utterly powerless to check the spread of the flames; apparently there is no check to the onward sweep of destruction. A number of firemen are reported killed. The writer with a number of deaf-mutes were at the corner of Baltimore and Howard Streets nearly all of Sunday evening, and got a good view of the scene. The spectacle of ruin and destruction was something appalling. Over twenty blocks has been swept, and the entire eastern part of the city is threatened with destruction. Many thousands of people will be thrown out of work, including many of our deaf friends, and a great deal of suffering will ensue. All of the Baltimore papers were completely wiped out.

Those who figure on future conditions by the actions of the ground hog on February 2d of each year, will be pleased to learn that the ground hog saw his shadow on that day. The sun was shining all that day. The ground hog saw bad weather ahead and slunk back into his hole to stay, according to legend, for six weeks longer before venturing forth again. Who cares? What if the sun which shone upon that little beast means forty days or six weeks more of winter weather? Will it profit anyone or all of us to bother about it and bemoan the fact that spring is not yet at hand? There is a strong suspicion that the ground hog is a good deal of a fraud anyway. Very likely he has been given far more credit for wisdom than he deserves and no one would be surprised to see the spring here before the six weeks have expired.

The Orioles, of Baltimore, and the West Branch Y. M. C. A. Reserve basket ball team played an exciting game Saturday night Feb. 6th, in the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, resulting in a score of 38 to 9 in the reserve team's favor. The line-up: Orioles—Leitner and Sultz, Forwards; Leitch and Duvall, Centre; Flick and Feast, Guards.

The Reserves—Reynolds and Fowler, Forwards; Waters, Centre; Jackson and Smith, Guards. Leitch, of the Orioles, was taken out of the game on account of sickness. The lady members of the Society will give a leap year party to the male members and others, Monday evening, Feb. 29th, at the hall.

Mr. Geo. Flick has been engaged to give an exhibition of moving pictures at the Stanton, Va., School of the Deaf, on the 19th.

For the benefit of Quaker Brown, we wish to state that Rev. Whildin is an ex-teacher. He taught at the Florida School for nearly one year. Feb. 8, '04. J. A. B.

The smallest man was Chemah, a Chinese dwarf, a little less than 25 inches high.

The oldest known artesian well was sunk at Liller, France, in the twelfth century.

The most intense cold yet produced artificially exceeded 400 degrees below zero.

The profit to the Government on pennies pays the entire expense of the mint.

PHILADELPHIA.

Committees of the Pennsylvania Society.

ANENT THE HOME.

News of the Week

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1338 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

President Allabough of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, has just announced the following standing committees for the year 1904.

Executive Committee—B. R. Allabough, Chairman; G. M. Teegarden, Jas. S. Reider, Thomas Breen, and Reinhart Fritzges.

Committee on Revision of Constitution and By-Laws—R. M. Ziegler, Chairman; G. M. Teegarden, Jas. Reider, F. C. Smielau, and B. R. Allabough.

Committee on Finance—F. C. Smielau, Chairman; F. W. Booth and Thomas Breen.

Committee on Donations—B. R. Allabough, Chairman; Jas. S. Reider, F. W. Booth, R. M. Barker, and O. N. Krause.

Committee on Arrangements—O. N. Krause, Chairman; R. M. Ziegler, F. C. Smielau, R. M. Barker, and F. A. Leitner.

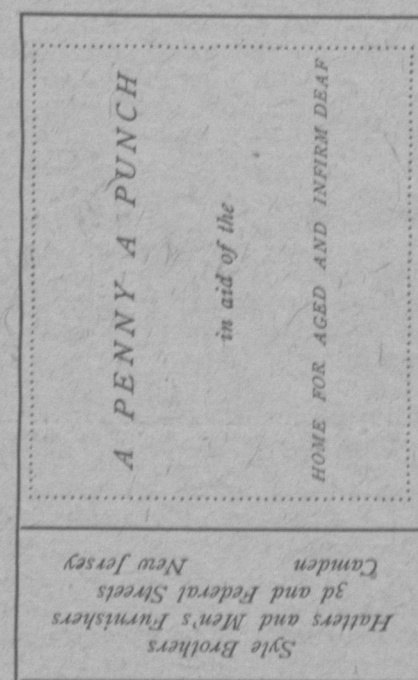
Press reports from different parts of the State seem to indicate that activity continues to be shown in the interest of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf by the deaf generally. That is very encouraging to the officers of the Society, who, it must be remembered are continually working for the success of the Home. They need all the help they can get. The growth of the Home will depend largely upon the help that the deaf give. The more the Home succeeds, the greater will be its usefulness. The more money it receives, the more deaf it will be able to shelter.

Now, do not confound the Home as an asylum for all the deaf of the State, without exception. That would mean nothing less nor more than an almshouse for the deaf, which we are not trying to create. It would also mean a greater expense than the deaf could bear. Let it be remembered that the aim of all should be to make the Home a pleasant retreat for deserving deaf of retirement, including the blind. A Home should not be otherwise. It is the only kind that appeals to the sympathy of friends and the public. We should regard the Home's Board of Trustees the sole judge of deserving applicants. This Board has the welfare of the Home in hand, and it is therefore best able to dispense its benefits to the deaf.

We hope the foregoing remarks, though brief, will have the effect of throwing a better light upon the work and scope of the Home, concerning which there appears to be some misunderstanding in a certain quarter.

The Philadelphia Local Branch is distributing "A Penny a Punch" cards, the proceeds of which will be given to the Home. The cards were donated by the Syle Brothers, Hatters and Men's Furnishers, of Third and Federal Streets, Camden, N. J., and, in return, they were given the privilege of putting their advertisement on the card. See illustration.

FACE OF CARD.



The back of the card contains a short description of the Home.

At the meeting of the Clero Literary Association on Thursday evening, 4th of February, discussions were the chief exercise. President Breen gave his views of the impending conflict between Russia and Japan, and was followed by others.

On Saturday evening next, (13th of February) a valentine Party will be given in All Souls' Hall. An admission price of ten cents will be charged. A variety of entertainment will be provided, and prizes will be given in some contests. A most enjoyable time is anticipated at this entertainment, which may be counted upon to afford great frolic. The affair is in charge of some la-

dies of All Souls' Church, and the proceeds will be added to a long-standing fund to provide a memorial window in the church to the memory of Dr. Evans and Prof. Foster. Messrs. Evans and Foster will be remembered as two of the most successful and popular teachers in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in the good long ago. They have often been referred to by the deaf as "saintly" men. Both of them were ever ready to give friendly assistance, and encouragement to All Souls' Mission, then in its prime, and it seems fitting now, even at this late day, to honor their memory.

The 7th inst., was the 65th birthday of Mr. Michael Higgins. Congratulations were in order. Mr. Higgins has been the regular sexton of All Souls' Church, since it was founded, 14 years ago, by the Rev. H. W. Syle. He has given general satisfaction by his faithful service, and courteousness. Mr. Higgins is the oldest member of All Souls' Mission, having joined it at its inception. He is also the only surviving original member of the Clero Literary Association. His health continues good. May he keep well, comfortable and happy for years to come!

Report says that Mr. Harry G. Gunkel is confined to the house with a severe cold.

Mrs. Mary H. Rocap is once more domiciled in her home at 1423 Cambridge Street, which she owns during life. The painters, paper-hangers, plumbers, and carpenters have recently wrought pleasing changes in her home to her great satisfaction, and the aged hostess now feels like taking boarders again.

Henry Pidcock, of Lambertville, N. J., was a Sunday visitor at All Souls'.

Remember the date of Prof. T. F. Fox's lecture, February 18th, at All Souls' Hall. He will undoubtedly give the deaf of Philadelphia a fine treat. Don't you remember his last reading here, and wasn't it first rate? He had a "full" house, too.

Interesting Features at the Eden Musee.

More attention is being made at the Eden Musee to attractions that will interest visitors than at any other amusement place in New York City. Not a day passes that some new attraction is not added or additional interest given to existing attractions. The Musee aims to keep thoroughly up-to-date. On account of the pending difficulties between Russia and Japan new figures have been made of the Czar of Russia and the Mikado of Japan. These two figures occupy the leading places among the famous group of Rulers of the World. In addition the Musee has already a Commissioner at Port Arthur thoroughly equipped to take moving pictures of everything attainable that will interest the public. The Musee did this in the Spanish American War and secured the best pictures that were taken. If war is declared between these two great countries the Musee will have the most interesting and largest collection of war pictures that will be taken. It is in moving pictures as well as wax works that the Musee excels. Nearly one hundred different pictures are shown each day at the Musee, a series of twelve pictures being shown each hour. There is no duplication and each week many new pictures are shown. The mysterious pictures are of such an interesting character that one never tires of seeing the wonderful things that are apparently performed. Things appear and disappear as well as people, and altogether it seems like a world of chance with Providence always helping out the weaker side. A number of new wax groups have been placed on exhibition and in addition to that afternoon and evening concerts by the new orchestra are proving of great value to all lovers of music.

On leaving school, he went out into the world to battle for his living, first locating in Detroit, Michigan, and to better himself he has become a self made man. He is a well informed man indeed! He has been in merchant tailoring business in several different cities before removal to South Haven. He is a star coat-maker.

Miss Lizzie Kern, whom he married in Detroit, Mich., in 1882, attended the Flint School for eight years and graduated in 1879. She lost her hearing and speech at the age of two years and six months by brain fever. This union has been blessed with one son, fifteen years old. On account of Mr. Kern's health he gave up his occupation in Chicago last September and moved to South Haven for good.

Miss Emma Gersonda was born near Berlin, Germany, in 1869, lost her hearing when a baby from typhoid fever, attended the German School for the deaf in Germany for seven years. She came over the ocean with her parents, when she was fifteen years old. She is now living with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lee as a helper. She thinks leap year perfectly lovely, but she is in some doubt as to whether she can secure the consent of the young man's mamma.

Mr. Gibson, if this is old and re-hashed, we will try and order a tailor to make a pair of eye stoppers for you.

At this writing word came that Mr. Daniel Tellier returned home in Kalamazoo from the funeral of his aged father in Iowa.

Mr. Edward Dodds, father of Mortimer Dodds, a deaf-mute, died in South Haven, February 5th. The intelligence of the death could not reach Mortimer, as his address is unknown. He is at present in a lumber camp in Gratiot County, Michigan. The remains were interred in Breedsville, Mich.

The Mirror, please copy.

CHICAGO.

The oldest United States college is Harvard, founded in 1636.

SOUTH HAVEN.

"Your Re-hashed a la chestnut of Plagiarized jokes is a dyspepsia producer. F. P. G." That was the sign in a large letters that adorned our drawing room wall. When we were writing the letters, we looked up at the scowling sign and smiled. We bowed to Mr. Gibson politely. We had rehearsed that bow and did not intend to waste it.

There are nine deaf-mutes living in South Haven. Since they saw South Haven, they have learned to love the place, and to admire the spirit and enterprise of its people.

Mr. Clarence Lee is a wood-turner by occupation, and has worked in the Planning mill here for eight years. He was born in Kokomo, Indiana, in 1876, entered the Flint School in 1885, and graduated in 1896. While there he learned the woodturning trade for four years. At the age of three years, he was afflicted with a bad disease—scarlet fever—which left him without the sense of hearing.

In 1897 he was joined in wedlock with Miss Hattie Baird, and they have three children—one boy and two girls, of whom Mr. and Mrs. Lee are very proud. Mrs. Lee was sent to the Michigan School for the Deaf, at Flint, in 1884, and left in 1890. She was born in St. Joseph, Mich., and was stricken with scarlet fever, and became totally deaf at the age of three years. Before her marriage, she worked in the knitting factory in St. Joseph, for about five years. Mr. and Mrs. Lee own a frame house and lot in South Haven, and live well and comfortably. Mr. Lee is related to the Confederate General, Robert E. Lee.

Mr. Frank Burr is an old resident of South Haven. When he was a little boy, he attended the Northampton School for the Deaf, in Mass., for three terms, and remembered Mr. J. J. Kleinbans, of Chicago, as his former schoolmate. When he was eleven years old, his parents moved to Winnetka, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. He then attended the Chicago Day School for the Deaf, under the Principalship of Prof. P. A. Emery, for about three years. Mr. F. P. Gibson was one of his schoolmates. When he was twenty years old, his parents bought a big farm in South Haven, and removed here to reside. Mr. Frank Burr has lived in South Haven for over twenty years. He does many odd jobs. He is a good fellow, for he never drinks, smokes or chews tobacco.

Miss Malvina Gillespie is at present living with her aged parents on Forest Street, and is a Michigan girl. At the age of one month, after a severe illness with scarlet fever, she completely lost her speech and hearing. She attended school at the Deaf-Mute Institution at Flint, Mich., for ten years. Three years ago her parents moved to this city from Cheshire, Mich., her birthplace. They like South Haven far better.

Mr. Joseph Kolhoff has secured a good farm three miles south of this city on shares. He was born in Columbus, Ohio, became deaf at the age of eleven months by inflammation of brain. He was sent to the Columbus School for the Deaf, in Ohio, and was there only three years.

On leaving school, he went out into the world to battle for his living, first locating in Detroit, Michigan, and to better himself he has become a self made man. He is a well informed man indeed! He has been in merchant tailoring business in several different cities before removal to South Haven. He is a star coat-maker.

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CHICAGO.

The oldest United States college is Harvard, founded in 1636.

NEW YORK.

Every One Enjoyed the Play.

TWO SURPRISE PARTIES.

Basket Ball—News Notes.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

At the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church last Saturday evening, before an audience of quite two hundred and fifty deaf-mutes and friends of the church, "Ye Play of Spotless Town" was acted by a company of Thespians who held the boards for over an hour and a half, and proved themselves adepts in their several characters. The play, founded on the cleanliness of the old Dutch New Yorkers, and a liberal advertising of Sapollo, was amusing as it progressed, and the troubles of the mayor of Spotless Town with the servant problem, added to by the over acting of the policeman in the play, caused him no little inconvenience.

The mayor, in the person of Mr. Edward McKershan, had the star part, and he met his many troubles and anxieties with patience, but when patience ceased to be a virtue, the floor of the stage received many punctures from vigorous thumping with his cane. His make-up was in keeping with his acting, and he did creditable work.

The Policeman, Mr. W. S. Abrams, who it seems was an understudy in that part, kept the boards well greased endeavoring to show off as the "finest," and his methods of procedure were something not characteristic of a "Cop," and instead of being on the right side was continually misplaced. Yet, for an understudy he did well and, when he didn't, the audience was not slow to "laugh."

As Butcher, Mr. Joseph Toohy, in make-up and acting was very good, and he deserved the reward he received at the end of the play in the shape of the pretty bride.

Mr. E. Brewer, as Doctor Bore, and Mr. J. Sorenson as bootblack, filled in their parts like clock work.

But above all was the clever work of the "help" of the Mayor's house. They were dressed in old Dutch fashion, with red-striped shirt waists, short skirts, lily-white hose and silver-buckle slippers.

The cook, Miss Louise Kummer, was in love with the policeman, who didn't know much about such affairs, and the prompting he received (and fearfully received, for cooks are not to be trifled with) turned his heart inside out, and neglected patrolling his beat when he should.

Miss Violet Pearce filled her part as Lucy, the Maid, to perfection, and the Butcher found her a true and ardent lover, always ready for fun and pleasure, to the neglect of her household duties. Her posing and sign making were indeed excellent.

Miss Rachel Fenall, as May, the Maid, was another very excellent character, and she had her part well cut out and showed her to advantage. Once she stumbled and nearly fell through the stage scenery, but instead of bringing it down, brought down the house, who never laughed so heartily. Luckily the mayor forgot his gait and saved her in the nick of time.

Mr. Ed. Elsworth, as Drummer, was very good, and aside from drumming up his trade, was also successful at drumming up for the mayor's house May, the beautiful maid, and they were happily married.

The cast as a whole did very well indeed; the scenery was appropriate, and at the conclusion of the play, sample packages of hand sapollo were distributed to all present.

It is safe to say that the Guild of Silent Workers, for the benefit of which the performance was given, will receive a handsome sum for the furtherance of its work among the poor and needy deaf-mutes.

A twelve-page souvenir program, with a novel cover, was gotten out for the occasion, interspersed with the order of the performance, advertisements and reading matter.

Mr. Edward Elsworth, who had charge of the arrangements and staging of the play, left no stone unturned to make it enjoyable, and to his efforts is due the successful evening.

The cast of characters was as follows:—

Mayor.....	Mr. E. McKershan
Policeman.....	Mr. W. S. Abrams
Butcher.....	Mr. J. H. Toohy
Doctor Bore.....	Mr. E. G. Brewer
Bootblack.....	Mr. J. Sorenson
Drummer.....	Mr. E. C. Elsworth
Cook.....	Miss L. Kummer
Maid (May).....	Miss R. Fenall
Maid (Lucy).....	Miss V. Pearce

Scene 1—A Street in Spotless Town.
Scene 2—Same as first.
Scene 3—By the Company. Grand Tableau. Curtain.

Little George Dennison, fair, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, the very embodiment of a little Berserker of ye olden times, was three years old last Sunday. His doting parents, alive to the requirements of the occasion celebrated the happy event by giving one of those old time parties, for which Mrs. Dennison, prior to her marriage, was so famous. Upwards of thirty friends responded to invitations sent and began arriving at the pretty flat of the Dennisons on Reid Ave., B'klyn Boro, shortly after eight o'clock. Little George, in all the glory of his strapping big dad and assisted in welcoming the guests with an easy grace and dignity that was charming. Only three years old, aye, but a perfect little Chesterfield in manners.

By nine o'clock the cosy parlor was comfortably filled and the fun began with selections on the piano by Mr. Dennison's pretty sisters. Not all the guests belonged to the silent fraternity, and "music hath its charms" you know. Most of the old time-honored customs were observed such as "blind man's bluff," "post-office," etc., but it was not until almost midnight that the real fun commenced. Then a delegation of Brooklyn Club members arrived, after having attended a most enthusiastic meeting—a record-breaker in its way—during which six new members were initiated. (Here, ye croakers, who was it that said the Brooklyn club would not last a year? It is now just two years old and the membership is increasing at such a rate that more spacious accommodations will be an absolute necessity in the near future. A pretty husky infant, eh?) Led by Herman F. Beck, whose osculatory demonstrations later on earned for him the title of "Osculation Fred," the party included Treasurer Redington, with his bank book snugly tucked away in his inside pocket, Vincent DePaul Keeley, the "Great objector," who delights in objecting to everything and any old thing on general principles; "Wandering Winnie" Warren, whose penchant for moving keeps the Secretary "Sunny Jim" Taplin, busy making new insertions in his book every month or two; Johnny Shea, quiet, gentlemanly and unassuming as usual, John M. Jackson the "piker," and Harry Kane. From the time of their arrival until long after midnight, it was one solid chunk of merriment, as Dock-stader would say. Mr. Dennison, Little George and Mr. Brink, Mrs. Dennison's father, took a leading part in the merrymaking.

Shortly before one o'clock, a most tempting, dainty repast was spread out in the dining room, which the guests attacked and did away with in a manner that spoke volumes for Mrs. Dennison's culinary abilities. Then it was "Homeward Ho," and after tendering a vote of thanks to their kind host and hostess, and wishing Little George many more returns of the day, the guests took their departure. Among these invited were Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Western, Misses Nellie I. Dennison, Lauretta Dennison, Lillian Heiser, Arthur Leroy Western, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Maria, Mrs. Harry Pierce Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee Boswell, Miss Sullivan, and the members of the Brooklyn Club above mentioned.

It appears that the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stevenson were not satisfied with merely giving them a surprise party last week on the anniversary of their wedding. So Mrs. Denzendorf, somehow got the idea in her head, to go around among the guests and ask them to "chip in" and make the surprise complete. The result was that they presented the couple with a handsome reversible Morris chair. To say that Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were pleased and flattered would be to express it mildly. Whenever they occupy their fine present their thoughts will always revert to the donors. Many, many thanks! Freddie Kinsey, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Kinsey, is learning to be an artist like his father. He is doing some fine designs on burnt wood, which is a credit to one so young. Mr. Kinsey is an expert artist in design work and has held his position with the same firm for many years. Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey have good cause to feel proud in their son. Mr. Kinsey's employees are thinking of removing their plant to some New Jersey town, so as to secure larger and better accommodation, and Mr. Kinsey fears if they do so, he will have to move his family these also. His friends hope it will not be so.

The Silent Five kept up their winning streak Saturday evening, at the Polo Athletic Association, by defeating the crack Castleton Five, champions of Staten Island. The first half ended with the score 6 to 2 in favor of the visitors. This was due largely to the team being made up of substitutes, and not playing together; Fluhr also had an off night. And it was not until the second half that Dyer seemed to be able to locate the basket. Making several changes between halves, the Five lined up for the second half with most of the Regular men on the team. After that it

was but one story. At the end of 15 minutes play score stood 16 to 11, in favor of the Silent Five, when the game was called to allow the visitors to catch a train. The Tremonts lined up against the Polo Athletic Association, preceding the above game, and playing in faultless style put it over the Polo team in great shape. Final score was 18 to 3. The Tremonts are playing a fine game at present, and can make it interesting for any team in their class. Saturday evening, February 13th there will be two games worth seeing. First will be between the "Tremonts" and De La Salle, interscholastic champions. To be followed by the Silent Five vs. Young Men's Hebrew Association, 92d Street and Lexington Avenue. They have a very strong team.

Monday, February 8th, being the natal day of Miss Emma Caddy, she celebrated the occasion by inviting a few of her friends to assemble at her home on Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn. From 8:30 P.M. till 11 P.M., games of various kinds were indulged in by the company. To the winners of same, both gentlemen and ladies, were presented up-to-date valentines as prizes. Near midnight ice cream, cake and hot coffee were served, and soon after the merry company dispersed, wishing Miss Caddy many happy returns of the day. Those of the deaf present were Mr. and Mrs. Robert McVea, Misses Elizabeth Anderson and Emma Bammann, Messrs. H. Beck, R. Anderson and R. Maynard.

Mrs. Alexander Denzendorf has been confined to her bed, the past week with an attack of grip, and came very near having pneumonia. She is improving and her friends hope to see her well very soon. Her daughter Frances, who has been taking lessons in water color drawing for some time, surprised her by presenting her with a lovely painting—painted and framed by Frances herself, and it made Mr. and Mrs. Denzendorf feel a few inches taller when they saw what their daughter could do as an artist.

"Jim" Mahoney, the Canarsie boatman, has had a little inconvenience the past few weeks. His property stands on an estate, which had been sold to another party and they wanted him to buy the land on which his boat house stood, or get out. Jim seems to have studied law a little himself and coached the other boat owners, in trouble like himself, how to act. He is now safe for several months, at least, and is looked on as a King over in Canarsie, when there is little "skuling" to be had. He keeps the best made boats in Canarsie and always has plenty of customers.

Mrs. Duciella Hoy, of Philadelphia, and a sister of Mrs. Robert Stevenson, fell on the icy pavement last week, and broke her arm above the wrist. It will be several weeks before she will be able to use that member. A good many of the deaf know her and she always seems to take quite an interest in them, whenever she meets them. Hope her recovery will be speedy.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. John Chamberlain entertained the members of the Hollywood Club of Deaf-Mutes at dinner on Sunday evening, February 7th, at their residence on West 145th Street. The affair was a very pleasant one. After dinner Rev. Mr. Chamberlain invited his guests to the library, where clear Havanos and swapping of stories kept them in good humor.

Messrs. Arthur Bachrach and Marcus L. Kenner had a delightful time last Thursday, while paying a visit to Mrs. Cohen, who resides at the same hotel as Mr. Bachrach. She is a modest and genial lady, much interested in affairs of the deaf; also a warm friend of Mr. Ellis Lit, of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Heyman were summoned to Anderson, S. C., by an urgent telegram, last Saturday. It is said that Mrs. Heyman's aged mother is very sick and grave doubts are entertained concerning her ultimate recovery, hence the sudden departure of our New York friends.

Mr. Knopp has secured steady work in the job room of Martin P. Brown, the City Printer, and seems greatly pleased with his new position.

Mrs. Nettie Robertson, of Phila., Pa., was one of those present at the Guild of Silent Worker's Entertainment at St. Ann's Church, last Saturday.

Messrs. Ahmes, Holton, Callahan and Glostein, and the latter's brother, all from the "City of Churches," are endeavoring to form a camp next summer.

During the next summer months, Mr. Harry Leibsohn will, in the event of full business, sojourn at his home at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The Lexington A. A. Basket Ball Team (school team) has, so far, captured eleven victories with but one defeat. Great things are yet expected from these sturdy youngsters.

Mr. James Burke has an air of dignity about him now, for, mind you, he has become a "papa." Mrs. Burke and child are doing well.

Samuel Goldberg's father has taken to Palm Beach, Fla., for his health. His mother went on a visit to Boston last week.

Mrs. Lippens will shortly sail for Europe, being called thither an account of the death of her father.

Mrs. Nettie Robertson, of Stroudsburg, Pa., is visiting relatives in Brooklyn.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE NOTES.

Messrs. Harry Leibsohn, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Wm. Greenbaum, were visitors at the club room last Sunday.

The roster of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League now numbers fifty-one. The roll call promises to reach sixty soon.

The election of Messrs. S. Goldberg and D. Mendelson to active and resident membership respectively, will take place this Thursday.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim had the good fortune to "discover," or rather find, an 18-carat gold wedding ring last Sunday morning, and in consequence will be spared of a drain on his pocket to buy a ring for his intended bride. Wonder who she will be!

Chairman Gemprecht of the Entertainment Committee, is working heroically to cater to the social wants of the members. He has in the meantime fixed the following programme: February 13th, Package Party; March 5th, Pinocle Tournament; March 26th, Whist Party. The Package Party, which takes place this Saturday, promises to be an enjoyable affair.

Mr. Jos. F. Graham is the latest addition to the roster of the Club.

Mr. Frank Frisby has been reinstated to active membership.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

When a wife and her sister undertake to make things lively for the head of the family, they generally succeed in showing up his "nibs" to the best advantage. Of that there is no mistake.

This was the case last Saturday evening, when a large number of invited friends assembled at the cozy home of Mrs. Leo Greis for the purpose of surprising her lord and master, who knew nothing of the conspiracy against his peace and happiness.

The chief engineer of the affair was Miss Mamie Butler. In order to make the surprise as complete as possible, Mr. Greis was sent on an errand to his father's residence, some blocks away. In the meantime, the "conspirators" gathered at his home, and by nine o'clock the parlors were well filled with a brilliant array of the wit and wisdom of Brooklyn's mutes.

At this time word was passed around that Mr. Greis was coming up the stairs, and the surprisers prepared to receive him in a proper manner. In he came unconscious of what was in store for him. Instantly, he was surrounded and congratulated upon having reached his forty-fifth milestone. In response Mr. Greis made a neat little speech, welcoming the guests to his home in the most hearty manner.

The usual parlorgames which take place at such gatherings followed, they being under charge of Frank Ecka, who proved that he was the wrong man in the right place, for he got everything mixed and mixed everything. At 11:30 o'clock, supper was announced as ready. As the dining room was small, but half of the guests could be accommodated at once. The first half seemed to have a jolly time at the table for it certainly took them a long time to have it; those who remained in the parlor had lots of fun, and when their turn came to the table, fun again reigned supreme.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Greis have been married not quite two years. They live in a handsome apartment house on Hooper Street, this borough, and have one child, a daughter who can hear and speak. Mr. Greis is an engraver by profession, and is said to have saved quite a handsome amount of money, the result of his industry. His wife is a semi-mute, a good lip-reader, and never has any trouble in making herself understood by others with whom she talks.

It was after midnight before the party broke up, but when it did, it was with the determination to have another social some time in the future. To Mr. and Mrs. Greis the best wishes of their friends is here tendered for their future welfare. Among the many who attended this affair were Mr. and Mrs. Ljungquist, Mr. Frank Ecka and Mrs. Ella Turner, Mr. James and Miss Buss, Misses Emma Bammann, Anderson, Henry, Mamie Butler, Emma F. Caddy, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kinsey, Miss Ecka, Mr. G. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Jubrine, who now live in Jersey City, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. Norway, Mr. Wilkinson and others whose names were not obtained.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 8, 1904.

Mrs. Mary E. Schriber, a former pupil of the Indiana Institution, whose maiden name was Mary E. Korn, is now living on a farm, with her husband (a hearing man), near Burkett, Ind.

OHIO.

Ladies' Club Christened the "Jolly Rovers."

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

Sanitary Precautions at the School.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 968 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

And so the ladies' club recently come into existence among the deaf of this city, without a name at the time, has been christened. "Jolly Rovers" is its cognomen. A very apt name, too, since the members will have to rove over town on the nights of their fun to get to the "meeting," and then perhaps rove some more to some other destination, where the real joviality is to be poured out.

The initial rove took place last Saturday evening, and was in charge of Miss Cloa Lamson. She had every thing arranged, so she thought, for a grand sleigh ride for the members and several of the sterner sex. But a protest, and a vigorous one from Old Sol, set all her plans awry at the last moment. Then there was a hurrying about by the hostess notifying members and guests-to-be, that gliding over the snow that evening had been tabooed, and for them to show up at the Institution Library at seven o'clock sharp.

Every one was on time except a certain bachelor, who failed to come at all, and on this account the lady who was to do the honors for him during the evening (remember this is leap year) had to do it alone, and no doubt looked upon her more fortunate sisters with a jealous eye. Later, word was received that the absent gentleman had suddenly been taken down with illness—we hope not typhoid fever. However, the fair maiden is inclined to attribute his absence more to a fear of the leap year net than real sickness.

The party boarded a street car and made for the South end, where it hove in at the comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. James Smith. Here for a couple hours the craze of the season, Flinch, unwrapped their attention, and when the game came to a close Mrs. Wm. Zorn it was found had drawn the prize, with Miss Drusback a close second.

The next on the programme to make 'em all feel jolly was a descent on an oyster supper. 'Twasn't jolly for the poor little oysters, but then their consideration was second and hence they had no cause to complain. When going home came, the ladies just played gentlemen, waited for them to get ready and then just took them over to the car line, and when the conductor came around even handed over the little pasteboards for their partners, and even saw that they were left safely at their doors.

Miss Kitty Munnell will have charge of the next entertainment which will be given some time this month. The guests of the "Jolly Rovers" were the following, and they all acclaim that they enjoyed the evening with them most pleasantly: Messrs. McGregor, Clum, Hopkins, Ohlemacher, Mayer, Zorn, Zell, Wark and Wheeler.

The literary societies of the Institution held elections for officers last Saturday. The oldest of these is Clonian. The officers chosen to serve to the end of the school term are: President, Emma Boyd; Vice-President, Albert Bannan; Secretary Robert Marcha; Asst. secretary, Ida Millard; Treasurer, Alberta Hannaford; Librarian, Richard Bridges; Asst. Librarian, Olivia Baldwin; Critic, Jennie Fettes; Boys' R. R. Librarian, Willie Case; Girls' R. R. Librarian, Blanche Coppock.

Mr. C. W. Charles received the unanimous vote for another term of three years as Trustee.

Reports of the officers were received and accepted. The treasurer's report shows that the society has \$180, of which \$63 is to be used for the benefit of the Home. After the reports were in, Mr. A. H. Schory one of the two trustees, made an address to the members on the advantages of the society to them. He also referred to the fact, that just thirty-five years ago, the society came into existence and that its influence for good has long been established, and he hoped it would never flag.

The officers of the Boys' Literary Society are: R. N. Bridges, President; Fred Ross, Vice-President; Omer Cox, Treasurer, re-elected; Joseph B. Arnold, Secretary re-elected; Otto Zipfel, Librarian; Joseph Dobe, Assistant Librarian; Antonio Ciresi, Critic.

The pupils have two societies of Christian Endeavor. The first is composed of the more advanced pupils. They conduct the exercises themselves some of the officers and teachers generally giving a short

talk on the topic of the evening. The meetings are held Sunday evenings. Much interest is taken in them by the pupils. It is offered for the term as follows:

President—Harley Goetz.
Vice-President—Ida Millard.
Secretary—Gertrude Neldon.
Treasurer—Effie Laing.

Lookout Committee—Ollie Baldwin, Chairman; Richard Bridges, Asst. Chairman; Anna Stocker, Elma Fettes, John Fryfogle, Jos. Arnold.

Prayer Meeting Committee—Robt. Marcha, Chairman; Hattie Stottler, Asst. Chairman; Wm. Arras, Tena Miller.

Librarians—Bessie McFadden and Wm. Winagate.

Flower Committee—Susie Boettner and Willie Case.

The Junior Society, of C. E., is composed of the smaller pupils and is officered and taught by members of the older one.

Mr. George Clum, for a number of years employed in the Institution, resigned Monday to engage in some other business.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Goldsmith are receiving the congratulations of their friends over the arrival of an heir. It's a boy, and he came last Thursday, to bring sunshine into their home.

Miss Curran, of Pittsburg, was the guest, for a few days last week, of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Sawhill, of Taylorstown. Miss Flaek, of Allegheny, also intended coming along but the high state of the river kept her from getting to the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Depot. Mr. and Mrs. Sawhill gave a children's party, on the 3d inst., in honor of their daughter Luella's birthday.

Coming east on a street car Saturday morning, we met Mr. James Madcox with grip in hand bound for the Institution. He had just left a hospital, where for a couple of weeks he had been treated for a peculiar ailment. The skin on his lower extremities had dried up and was cracking. He said he had been cured, and was to return to his home in the afternoon to resume work about a coal mine, which his brothers run near Coalton.

Typhoid fever has been on the rampage in Columbus for a month. Over 700 cases have been reported. Whether it is the genuine fever or not, we don't know, for doctors disagree. It is hinted that the reports are padded for effect—i. e., so that the city authorities will build a dam and have a nice lump of money, nearly \$600,000, to spend. There are, undoubtedly, some cases, and the city and State Board of Health have advised people to boil their water. To comply with the requirements and in order that there may be no cause of complaint, the drinking water of the Institution is being boiled. The Institution does not use the city water, but is supplied from its own well, which has been in existence since the main building was first used in 1868.

Tin pails and crocks have been placed in convenient places throughout the buildings and are kept filled with boiled water, and every one has been cautioned to use none other, for a drink. It causes extra labor and much inconvenience, but Superintendent Jones proposes to run no risks. It is alleged the State Hospital for Insane polluted the city's water supply by allowing sewage to empty into it from a defective sewer.

Last fall a number of copies of the Ohio Chronicle were sent to the Institution for the deaf at LaPlata, Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic. This school is evidently a pure oral one, judging from the following letter of the Superintendent to Mr. Jones. What is more, he sees the need of the combined system.

LA DIRECCION DEL INSTITUTO DE SORDOMUDOS DE LA PROVINCIA DE BUENOS AIRES, LA PLATA, 17 DECE, 1903

MR. J. W. JONES, Supt. Institution for the Deaf, Columbus.

DEAR SIR: I had the pleasure of receiving two days ago your very interesting school paper, The Ohio Chronicle. It was quite a parcel of six copies. I thank you a thousand times for such a kind attention. I follow with great interest all the grand work done in all your model schools and I wish to copy them as far as possible, feeling myself happy to have such emulation.

Yesterday we closed our school that will be shut till the 15th of March: all the pupils spend the holidays at their respective homes, and we keep but very few that are orphans. Our annual closing feast was very nice and the children performed prettily in little dialogues and exercises that later, edited greatly the numerous paper presents. Some of the pupils have improved in tolerable speaking, with much labor on both parts; but of course, it is the little numbers there are several where there is impossibility absolute, and I see more and more the imposed necessity of the Combined system. I shall, a little later, have the pleasure of sending you my discourse.

I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

DR. RUSSO PATRON.

A. B. G.

Feb. 6, '04.

Smiff Draws the Line.

Mr. Smiff, of the Bobonygeon Independent, announces his positive refusal to wear kilts at 20 below zero, which he would have to do if he gave his great family paper to all the clubs and corporations that have asked for copies.—London Free Press.

CHICAGO.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Mission Work.

MASK BALL A SUCCESS.

News Brevities.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)
The Rev. Mr. Mann conducted a monthly service at Trinity Church to-day at 11 A. M. and 3 P. M., as advertised extensively by the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and by his personal notices. His text was Jeremiah 36:15. "Return ye now every man from his evil way and amend your doings."

There were a few deaf-mutes present, but Rev. Mann spoke eloquently and appealingly for a full hour, and as the writer was about to leave for home, Mr. Mann called him back and spelled "Give my love to all the members of All Angels' Mission who were unable to attend on account of sickness or for some reason."

The Pas-a-Pas Club Masquerade Ball is a thing of the past, but is said to be the grandest success that the guests have witnessed in a long time in point of attendance and finance—in fact the ball was full to overflowing and every one enjoyed every thing.

There were over one hundred maskers dressed beautifully as well as comically. Among them was Paul Block dressed in a night gown, carrying a doll around and trying to put it to sleep, and scratching his legs repeatedly. It was a most laughable sight to see him act like some young papas do sometimes after midnight when their babies scream aloud.

Miss Anna Nessel was dressed as a "demon" in flaming colors, and was seen flying around in the centre of the crowd for two hours. She won a prize in the shape of a silver berry spoon.

Miss Susie McKee, "Mother Goose," received a silk muffler; Miss Anna Mittman, "Flower Girl," a picture album.

Miss Clara LaMotte and her little nephew were costumed as a "Chinese woman" and a "Chinese Woe." Every one admired them greatly and exclaimed "Cute" to the boy.

Also Mr. Kessler represented "Happy Hooligan" in a most amusing way; and William Wyman as "Uncle Sam" very dignifiedly. To mention the names of all the maskers and to describe their pretty and funny costumes would be a big task; it would take the writer all night to perform the job, but he is happy to say that they represented every character of the ancients beautifully and successfully.

Messrs. Gibson, Carter, Tony Tate and Miss Atkinson, a hearing lady, were selected by the Floor Committee, to decide and present prizes to the winners.

All the Committees have worked for the past month, and therefore felt highly elated at their good luck, and the Pas-a-Pas Club is now in a flourishing condition.

Burd W. McVay, of Cascade, Ia., is visiting his sister at Harvey, Ills. He attended church this afternoon and when he was asked what his business was, he said he was a gentleman of leisure, because his late father had willed a large sum of money to him.

Ivan Heynanson returned from the Ball and slept until noon to day. When he got up, he was informed by a telephone message that the store of the Stationery Co., where he had been employed for some time, was burned to-day. Of course, he is in a sad mood.

Albert Bierlein moved to another house a week ago, when the thermometer was at zero, because his landlord raised a dollar a month for rent on account of his children being so jolly and noisy. As he was on a step ladder, fixing a stove pipe, he slipped down, and in so doing, he struck his arm into a kettle of hot water which was on the stove, and was badly scalded.

James Ripley, of the Ohio School, came to Chicago, recently, and secured a situation at the Henneberry Printing Co. He is doing well.

The Ladies' Aid Society held its monthly business meeting on Wednesday, February 3d. Its transactions will be fully reported for next week's issue.

Henry Morisse, hailing from Kankakee, Ill., was a visitor at the Ball. He disguised himself as a "Hayseed."

Edgar Bloom, of New York City, enjoyed himself at the Ball. He is a non-resident member of the Pas-a-Pas Club.

The daughter of the late Professor Greene, of Belleville, Canada, is a star actress. She made a most miraculous escape from the ill-fated Iroquois Theatre.

SIDNEY H. HOWARD.
Sunday, Feb. 7.

FANWOOD.

The War in the Far East.

DEATH TAKES AWAY A FRIEND.

Basket Ball Contests.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Prof. E. S. Burdick gave an excellent lecture entitled "The War Cloud in the East," before the members of the Fanwood Literary Association, in the chapel last Saturday evening, at half past seven. At a glance, the title suggests the coming war between Russia and Japan. Prof. Burdick did all he could to make the lecture interesting, and prepared a map of Asia and Japan to make the locations more easily understood by the pupils. He explained the situation in the plainest words possible, so that the pupils could not be puzzled as to the beginning of the war. He pointed to the terrible strain that is attracting the attention of the whole civilized world. It is a conflict that requires wide discussion about diplomatic affairs carried on between both nations. Korea is the bone of contention.

The area, population and public debt were given of both countries, and the right of Russia to Korea was strongly argued. He then turned to the China-Japan War, and illustrated the utter defeat of the Chinese, and the rapid rise of Japan in civilization. The strength of both nations in battle-ships and armament were compared, and what would follow should war be inevitable. He urged that peace should be declared, so that the world may live in perfect peace and harmony. A vote of thanks was given him for his interesting lecture. First Vice-President B. Zwoffe then took his stand, and gave the news of the week as told in the daily papers. Second Vice-President Birck motioned to adjourn, and the meeting was declared adjourned.

The half-masted colors on Wednesday morning last, told the pupils that they were again called upon to mourn the loss of a Director who had for thirty years been most actively engaged in the advancement of the material interests of the Institution—Edward Mitchell Townsend. Mr. Townsend became connected with the Institution in the year 1874, and for the last nine years he had been the Treasurer. His frequent visits to the Institution and his interest in the pupils—more especially in the line of the trades-school and the practical part of their education—had made him well known to them all. Mr. Townsend was also interested in other institutions for the benefit of humanity—the Demilt Dispensary and the House of Refuge, and in the business world he was most highly esteemed for his ability and honor.

Skating is the most enjoyable sport here during the winter time, and the pupils take particular delight in it. While the ice is not good on the lawn, the boys make pilgrimages to the Bailey Grounds and skate there to their heart's content.

On Saturday last an exciting game of basket ball was played in the gymnasium. It was an interesting game from beginning to end. The excellent foot work of the Hudson team led to winning the game. The Hudsons borrowed Zeiss from another team, while the remaining ones constituted the Hudson team. Below is the score:

Hudsons.	Positions	DEWITT.
Birck	Left Forward	Lux
Westlake	Right Forward	Lavery
Zeiss	Centre	Robinson
Schwartz	Left Guard	Rosenberg
McAllister	Right Guard	Lovitch

Goals—Lux 9, Birck 6, Zeiss 5, McAllister 4, Lovitch 2, Robinson 1, Westlake 1. Final Goals—Lux 1, Birck 1. Referee—Maxwell. Final score 25 to 25, in favor of Hudsons. Two fifteen minute halves.

Captain Barnett Zwoffe, accompanied by Max Kishberg, and John Heil, went to the New Star Theatre last Saturday, and saw Terry McGovern, the famous pugilist, do an act on the stage.

Mrs. Max Miller and daughter, accompanied by Mr. Louis Cohen and Miss Doris Helburn, were visitors at the school last Thursday afternoon.

The regular meeting of the Pro-tem Society was held on Thursday evening last. Business relating to members was transacted, beside other minor matters.

The crack Hudsons who have not been defeated this season went down with colors flying last Saturday afternoon, beaten but not disgraced. The Altogether's, a new combination of players, put it over the famous Hudsons in grand style. Mr. Cook jumped in at center and kept the blond-haired Birck moving like the Empire State Express. It was a fast game. The work of both teams was fine, first half ending 18 to 5, in favor of the New Yorks. The older and more experienced players of the Hudson team came

up with a wet sail and finished strong. But the goal throwing of "Kid" Tompoto and "Stump" Tanzas were too much for them, and the passing, blocking and team work of the new five was a surprise to the Hudsons. The summary:

Hudsons	Positions	ALTOGETHERS
Annett	Right Forward	Tanzas
Schwartz	Left Forward	Tompoto
Birck	Centre	Mr. Cook
Westlake	Left Guard	Agresto
McAllister	Right Guard	Girsch

Goals—Tompoto 8, T. C. Cook 7, Birck 4, Tanzas 3, McAllister 3, Annett 2. Goal Fouls, Annett 2, Tompoto 1. Referee, Maxwell. Final score 37 to 20, in favor of Altogether's. Two twenty minute halves.

S. C.

Novel Remedy for Ants.

When our pantry began to creep and crawl with red ants of microscopic proportions, writes a correspondent of *Youth's Companion*, we fled for advice to our resourceful neighbor, Mrs. Smith, and said, "What do you do for tiny red ants?"

"Feed them," was the astonishing reply.

"Feed them?" we exclaimed indignantly. "They are simply eating us out of house and home as it is."

"Yes," she said, "they are hunting for grease, which is their favorite food, and if you will supply their need, they will quit wandering over your domain at once. Discover, if you can, the place in your pantry where they enter, and put a bacon rind nearby and watch the result."

Well, we did little else but watch the result for weeks. The pantry became the center of interest for the whole family. I have known at least one member to get up in the middle of the night to creep down, candle in hand, to watch the interesting little workers. From the bacon rind to the crack in the corner, a foot and a half away, there were two steadily moving columns of ants, one coming and one going, night and day, till the rind was nothing but white dust.

I think I never saw a more remarkable illustration of the value of method and organization. Here were thousands of tiny laborers in constant motion, yet without the possibility of confusion. No ant ever crossed another's path or delayed him for an instant in his appointed work.

The newspaper on the shelf made it possible to observe the accurate order of the two columns. The line of march moved in a wavering line from the crack through which it entered to a point six or seven inches from the bacon, where it turned sharply at a right angle and approached the booty. Perhaps the line was marked out by the first explorer, who followed some guiding sense in making his discovery, but when it had once been established, every ant followed it without variation.

My observations covered several weeks, and during all that time, night and day, every ant passed "exactly over certain letters in the newspaper, the "i" in king," the second "e" in "deposed," and turned a sharp corner at the letter "e" in "palace."

It was interesting, too, to note the unflinching courtesy with which they greeted each other. No ant ever failed to salute those whom he met by touching antennae with them. If by any chance he missed one, he would go back and apparently apologize for his mistake. And this beautiful little courtesy was so perfect a part of their industrial life that it caused no serious delay in their work.

For weeks these two columns of courteous little toilers passed along their way to and from the bacon rind, furnishing us no end of amusement, and incidentally ridding the rest of the house from what had been, a distressing pest.

We Should Smile.

The thing that goes the furthest toward making life worth while,

That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile—

The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves its fellow men,

Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again.

It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness bent:

It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cherry smile,

It always has the same good look—it's never out of style:

It naves us on to try again when failure makes us blue—

Such dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.

So smile away; folks understand what by a smile is meant—

It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S

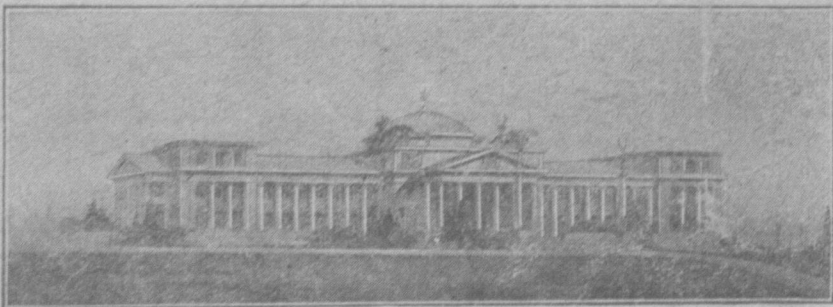
Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P. M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

NEW YORK

at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

The site of the New York State Building is one of the best on the grounds. Situated on the State plaza with the Illinois and Iowa buildings, both of architectural importance, for neighbors, and overlooking Forest Park, it has invited special effort from the architect, and he has produced a design of marked simplicity and dignity consonant with the traditions of the Empire State. The land falls off about 25 feet on the easterly end, and it has been taken advantage of



NEW YORK BUILDING.

by the architect to place a large fountain in the facade of the podium or terrace. This fountain typifies the Mississippi River in the form of a river god controlling the sea.

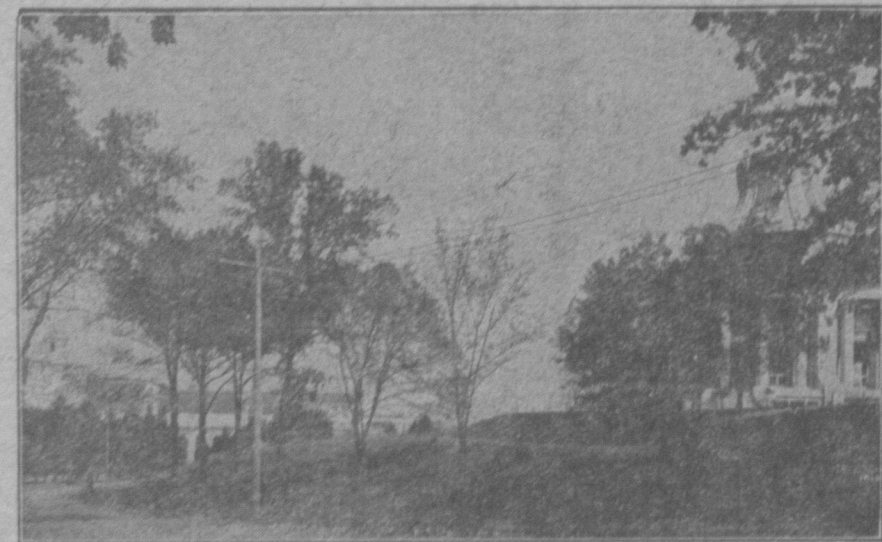
The building proper will stand on a podium enriched with balustrades and vases. It is to be colonial in design and detail, and surmounted with a low dome. There will be a large hall 60 feet square running the full height, arched and domed in the Roman manner, with galleries around the second story. To the right is to be a large assembly hall 50x60 feet, to be used on state occasions. It is really a part of the Grand Hall. Small assembly rooms will be included in the end of this wing. To the left of the hall are to be waiting and writing rooms.



EDUCATION BUILDING.

The whole first floor will be as one room, however, and with its colonnades and arches will present interesting vistas.

The second story will have suitable rooms for the Commission, the secretary and general officers. The hall and all of the appointments are most generous, and are to be treated in a simple, quiet manner. In fact, no effort will be made in the way of elaborate decorations, but the beauty of the whole will depend entirely on carefully studied detail and correct architectural lines. In the hall, however, it is proposed to place four large paintings in the lunettes symbolizing the four original ownerships, the Indians in one, Spanish, French and Americans in the others.



LANDSCAPE OF CASCADES.

The four pendentives will be filled with pictures emblematic of the four original States included in the purchase, and their products and manufactures. The external sculpture, while not extensive, will receive careful attention. The fountain already described, and the four Quadriga flanking the dome, will be modeled by representative sculptors and will typify the march of progress. The building will be built of staff in the manner of exhibition buildings, and, located as it is in a park and with beautiful surroundings, will do credit to the State.

The services rendered by Robert R. Livingston, of New York, Minister to France under President Jefferson, in the purchase of Louisiana Territory, will receive proper recognition in the way of tablets and inscriptions. He was empowered to negotiate for the mouth of the Mississippi River, and from this the purchase of the whole tract followed. These facts will be inscribed on the building. Other details of interest will be the embodiment of the capitals designed by Jefferson with Indian corn as a motive. In fact, the architecture of the whole is in sympathy with Jefferson's designs as seen in the University of Virginia and other works of which he was the architect. The grounds are to be made particularly inter-

menade, with a roof garden and restaurant attachment.

The Contract price of the Education Building was \$319,399, and its builder was Jno. J. Dunnivant & Co. It was completed by Dedication Day, was occupied at that time by the U. S. regular troops and later was used as a sculpture shop.

Howard J. Rogers, Chief of the Department of Education, has charge of the exhibits to be placed in this building.

The Brooklyn Club.

S. Donovan, a very intelligent young man, a recent arrival from the Emerald Isle, Ed. Manning, of Newark, the amateur actor of note, Wm. Deegan, the well-known baseball pitcher, Gilbert Marshall, of Conn., the bicycle rider, Moses Changnon, of Chicago, the all-around good fellow, and Abe Hanzeman, well-known to all the deaf, were admitted to membership to the Brooklyn Club, at the last meeting, held on February 6th.

A few weeks ago the Club installed a handsome book-case 8x6x4 feet in its rooms, and already the members have donated over fifty volumes. Gifts of books from the friends of the Club would be welcome.

Geo. V. Warren presented a beautiful United States flag, 10x20 feet, to the Club last week.

The Brooklyn Ball received flattering comment from the Brooklyn press, particularly from the Brooklyn Times, which used two columns more or less in a description of it.

Geo. Lindemann, of the Brooklyn Club, has yet to meet a deaf-mute who can beat him at pinocle.

The Brooklyn's picnic next summer will open the eyes of many when they see what the Club can do in that line when they try their deaf level best. Lovers of graceful sign-making should join the Brooklyn Club and watch Herr Beck in debate. Deaf pool champions of New York should journey over to Brooklyn and have their conceit taken out of them by W. B. Taylor, the crack player of Brooklyn.

The Club recently purchased a complete outfit of clothing for a member who was "down in his luck."

The *Silent Worker* is the latest addition to the Brooklyn Club's library. Judging from the manner in which the New York correspondent of the *Silent Worker* pitches in to everything and anybody upon the slightest provocation and often upon none at all, it would appear as if he stands "friendless and alone," or else he suffers from dyspepsia. If that be the case, let him join the Brooklyn Club and he'll soon begin to see the brighter side of life.

Aiding Deaf-Mutes' Home.

William E. Shaw of Brooklyn, a young electrician who is deaf, is very much interested in the support of the New England Home for the Deaf-Mutes, Aged and Blind. He has recently used his efforts to raise a large sum from his many friends in aid of the home. He says this is a worthy institution, as it is the home for deaf-mutes who are taken from the streets.—*Boston Herald*, Jan. 31, 1904.

A DOUBLE BILL!

BASKET BALL

AT
POLO ATHLETIC ASS'N
129th St. and Park Ave.

"Tremont" Deaf-Mutes

vs.

De La Salle
(Interscholastic Champions)

"Silent Five"

--VS--

Young Men's Hebrew Association

Saturday Evening,
February 13, 1904

AT 8:30

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

Church Fair.

A Fair will be held at St. Ann's Church, for the Benefit of the Church Fund, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, February 11th, 12th, 13th. Useful and Fancy articles will be for sale. Doors open at 7.30 P. M. Season Ticket, 10 cents.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE Deaf-Mutes' Journal ONLY

\$1 a Year.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

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Position Wanted

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A YOUNG lady who is conversant with the methods and systems of teaching the doubly afflicted deaf and dumb, desires a position to teach some little boy or girl thus afflicted. She is herself deaf and partly blind, but has full possession of her speech. She has taught before, and can give the best of references. Her terms will be very moderate, as she is very desirous of securing the only employment for which she is fitted. Address: MISS NORA HORTON, 222 Thirty-fifth Street, Newport News, Virginia.

THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the old school, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crozier, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 25x33 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

I have, also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the finest ever published, in 13 colors and gold. The size is 6x9 1/2 inches. They are nice to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within a card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A marked sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 50 cents, or \$1.00 per baker's dozen.

On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the institution picture has been raised to \$3.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

J. T. ELWELL,
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Photographs

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